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criticised the war in South Africa, exclaiming: "Hell is let loose in South Africa." He appealed to the visitors to go back, and by preaching and example make such wars impossible. A bit of advice not at all inappropriate; for of all the Christian support of war, if we may be pardoned the expression, the Methodists, in spite of Wesley's teaching, have furnished much more than their proportionate share.

. . . The official figures of the deaths for September in the reconcentration camps of South Africa give the number as 2,411, an increase of 533 over August. Of these, 447 were adults and 1964 were children. Thus the process of annihilating the Boer peoples goes steadily on at a frightful rate. Whichever side may be most responsible for this wickedest of modern wars, this awful destruction of women, old men and children is another proof of the utter inhumanity and appalling iniquity of war.

. . . According to the estimate of Willett and Gray, sugar statisticians of New York, if the duty, 86 per cent. *ad valorem*, were taken off Cuban sugar, the people of this country would pay eighty-five millions of dollars, or over one dollar per head, nearly six dollars per family, less for their sugar per year than they now do. Of this eighty-five millions, forty-nine millions goes to the government, and thirty-six millions to the United States "sugar men."

. . . Mr. W. T. Stead's *Review of Reviews Annual* is certain to be most interesting reading to all Americans this year. It is to be devoted to the "Americanization of the world." Mr. Stead holds that the headship of the English-speaking world passed, with the close of last century, from England to America. His forthcoming *Annual* will attempt, in a series of vivid sketches, to bring into clear relief the salient features of the altered situation, in politics, in literature, in religion and in trade, and the probable effects of the change upon the whole human family.

The Perfect Temple.

BY ASENATH CARVER COOLIDGE.

Earth's perfect Temple waits.

God is the architect and judge, both grand and just.

He would not have one living stone left out;

Nor would he force beloved ones to build it thus;

He feeleth their infirmities;

They fail and fail; He bids them try again, again.

He loveth them;

And not until they boastful grow and vain,

Doth He withhold His strong, redemptive hand,

And leave the unwrought pile to rotting suns and rain:

E'en then He pitieth them.

He sees the Temple tottering stand —

The work of stiff-necked generations done;

They sought for pardon, found it and are gone.

Will children's children place the missing stones?

Redeem the earthly father's name?

Follow and understand the Great All-Father's plan?

He gently urgeth them,

And healeth tenderly their self-wrought pain;

And fain would teach them how to make

The Temple firm and white and straight.

His mercy overshadoweth them.

He pleadeth yet again:

"Slay not, lust not, build not upon the sands."

They heed Him not; they build through blood and pain
Their gaudy, crushing Babels in all lands.

He suffereth them:

What can He more?

The winds must rave, the floods downpour;

He tempereth them,

To creatures shocked and shorn, to altars overthrown,

To temples built without the living stones

That lift and link them to God's own:

He weepeth over them.

O wretched, wretched builders!

Why this eager haste to rear more temples

Which, like these, must surely fall to waste,

No refuge give to souls in deep distress?

God's Watchman answereth:

"Ye worse than wretched nations, warring, blind!

Why build on worse than sand

Your worse than pagan temples, demon-planned?

Why build on ocean's rim your fiendish fortresses

For the prodigious blood-red sacrifice of man?

Not all the encircling seas can wash such murder-spots away.

God seeth, and shall be your judge."

Clerical Militaritis.

BY ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY.

Two aggravated cases of militaritis, if I may coin the term, among the clergy, representing two great nations and two great churches with different traditions and environments, have recently come under my observation, and I think it is in the interest of pathology to put them on record together. The first is that of the late Canon Kingsley, a well-known dignitary of the Church of England, famed for his intelligent interest in the welfare of the working classes, as well as for his historical romances. When the Crimean War broke out Dr. Kingsley was filled with the conventional patriotic spirit, and his heart overflowed into a tract entitled "Brave Words to Brave Soldiers and Sailors," which had a wide circulation at the front. Be it remembered that of all the foolish wars of the past century the Crimean War had the least ostensible motive. No one knew at the time or knows yet what it was all about. England, France, Sardinia, Turkey and Russia were drawn into a horrible struggle, marked by all the vulgar and sordid accompaniments of mismanagement, speculation and dishonesty which attend the cruelties of war, without the shadow of a reason. Here are some of the "Brave Words" which this holy contest inspired in the mind of Charles Kingsley:

"Some say as they read this: 'We have to fight and to kill; we want to be sure God's blessing is on our fighting and our killing; we have to go into battle, and we want to know that then, too, we are doing God's work, and to be sure that God is on our side.'

"Well, my brave men, *Be sure of it then!* Be sure God's blessing is as much upon you; be sure that you are doing God's work as much when you are handling a gun in your country's battles as when you are bearing frost and hunger in the trenches, and pain and weakness on a sick bed.

"For the Lord Jesus Christ is not only the *Prince of Peace*; He is the *Prince of War* too. He is the Lord of Hosts, the God of Armies; and whosoever fights in a just war against tyrants and oppressors, he is fighting on Christ's side, and Christ is fighting on his side; Christ is his Captain and his